

SATURDAY



VISITOR.

E. CAMERON & L. J. RITCHEY.]

Here shall the Press the People's rights maintain,

Unaw'd by influence, unbribed by gain.

[EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.]

VOL. IV

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TERMS:

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Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions required, will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

A liberal deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year. Advertisers by the year will be confined strictly to their business.

Candidates announced for \$3 00.

POETICAL.



THE EVENING HYMN.

BY THOMAS MILLER, BASKET MAKER.

How many days, with mute adieu,
Have gone down yon untrodden sky!
And still it looks as clear and blue
As when it first was hung on high.
The rolling sun, the frowning cloud
That drew the lightning in its rear,
The thunder, tramping deep and loud,
Have left no footmark there.

The village bells, with silver chime,
Come softened by the distant shore;
Though I have heard them many a time,
They never rang so sweet before.
A silence rests upon the hill,
A listening awe pervades the air;
They very flowers are shut and still,
And bowed as if in prayer.

And in this hushed and breathless close,
O'er earth, and air, and sky, and sea,
That still low voice in silence goes,
Which speaks alone, great God of Thee.
The whispering leaves, the far off brook,
The linnet's warble, fainter grown,
The hive-bound bee, the lonely rook,
All these their Maker own.

Now shine the starry hosts of light,
Gazing on earth with golden eyes;
Bright guardian of the blue-browed night,
What are ye in your native skies?
I know not! neither can I know,
Nor on what leader ye attend,
Nor whence ye came, nor whither go,
Nor what your aim or end.

I know they must be holy things
That from a roof so sacred shine,
Where sounds the beat of angel-wings,
And footsteps echo all divine.
Their mysteries I never sought,
No hearken to what science tells;
For oh! in childhood I was taught
That God amidst them dwells.

The darkening woods, the fading trees,
The grasshopper's last feeble sound,
The flowers just wakened by the breeze,
All leave the stillness more profound.
The twilight takes a deeper shade,
The dusky pathways blacker grow,
And silence reigns in glen and glade—
All, all is mute below.

And other eyes as sweet as this
Will close upon its calm day,
And, sinking down the deep abyss,
Will, like the last, be swept away,
Until eternity is gained,
That boundless sea without a shore,
That without time forever reigns,
And will when time's no more.

No nature sinks in soft repose,
A living semblance of the grave;
The dew steals noiseless on the rose,
The boughs have almost ceased to wave;
The silent sky, the sleeping earth,
Tree, mountain, stream, the humble sod,
All tell from whom they had their birth,
And cry, "Behold a God!"

In Boston there are 257 physicians,
besides 8 female practitioners, registered
in the directory, and 18 Thomsonian practitioners in various parts of the city.

From the Young People's Mirror. DON'T BECOME RICH AGAIN.

BY MRS. SINGOURNEY.

"I've lost my whole fortune," said a merchant as he returned one evening to his home; "we can no longer keep our carriage. We must leave this large house. The children can no longer go to expensive schools. Yesterday I was a rich man. To-day there is nothing that I can call my own."

"Dear husband," said the wife, "we are still rich in each other and our children. Money may pass away, but God has given us a better treasure in those active hands and loving hearts."

"Dear father," said the children, "do not look so sad. We will help you to get a living."

"What can you do, poor things?" said he.

"You shall see, you shall see," answered several cheerful voices. "It is a pity if we have been to school for nothing. How can the father of eight children be poor? We shall work and make you rich again."

"I shall help," said the youngest girl, hardly four years old. "I will not have any new things bought, and I shall sell my great doll."

The heart of the husband and father, which had sunk within his bosom like a stone, was lifted up. The sweet enthusiasm of the scene cheered him, and his nightly prayer was like a song of praise. They left their stately house. The servants were dismissed. Pictures and plate, rich carpets and furniture were sold; and she who had been so long mistress of the mansion, shed no tear. "Pay every debt," said she; "let no one suffer through us, and we may yet be happy."

He rented a neat cottage and a small piece of ground, a few miles from the city. With the aid of his sons, he cultivated vegetables for the market. He viewed with delight and astonishment the economy of his wife, nurtured as she had been, in wealth; and the efficiency which his daughters soon acquired under her training.

The eldest one assisted her in the work of the household, and also assisted the younger children. Besides, they executed various works, which they had learnt as accomplishments, but which they found could be disposed of to advantage. They embroidered with taste some of the ornamental parts of female apparel, which they readily sold to a merchant in the city.

They cultivated flowers, and sent bouquets to market, in the cart that conveyed the vegetables; they plaited straw; they painted maps; they executed plain needle-work. Every one was at her post, busy and cheerful. The cottage was like a beehive.

"I never enjoyed such health before," said the father.

"And I was never so happy before," said the mother.

"We never knew how many things we could do, when we lived in the great house," said the children; "and we love each other a great deal better here, you call us your little bees."

"Yes," replied the father, "and you make just such honey as the heart loves to feed on."

Economy as well as industry was strictly observed, nothing was wasted. Nothing unnecessary was purchased. The eldest daughter became assistant teacher in a distinguished female seminary, and the second took her place as instructress to the family.

The little dwelling which had always been kept neat, they were soon able to beautify. Its construction was improved; vines and flowering trees were planted around it. The merchant was happier under his woodbine covered porch, in a summer's evening, than he had been in his showy drawing-room.

"We are now thriving and prosperous," said he; "shall we again return to the city?"

"O no, no," was the unanimous reply.

"Let us remain," said the wife, "where we have found health and contentment."

"Father," said the youngest, "all we children hope you are not going to be rich again; for then," she added, "we little ones were shut up in the nursery, and we did not see much of you or mother. Now we all live together; and sister, who loves us, teaches us, and we learn to be industrious and useful. We were none of us happy when we were rich, and did not work. So father, please not to be a rich man any more."

A NIGHT BEFORE THE WEDDING

"We shall be very happy together!" said Louisa to her aunt, the evening before the wedding. And her cheek was tinged with a rich color and her eyes sparkled with soul-felt happiness. When a

young bride says "we," it may easily be imagined whom she is talking of.

"I doubt it not, dearest Louisa," answered her aunt, "take heed only that you remain as happy."

"Oh! no fear of that, my prudent aunt. I know myself and my own faults; but my love for him will correct them. So as long as we love each other, we can never be unhappy; and our affection cannot change."

"Ah!" said the aunt, sighing, "you talk like a girl of nineteen on the eve of marriage in the hey-day of hope and bright anticipations. Dear child! believe me—even the heart grows old. The day must come, when the rapture of passion will decay; when the illusion is over, and we stand revealed in our real characters. After custom has robbed beauty of its dazzling charms—after youth has departed, or shadows mingled with the light of home; then, Louisa, the wife may talk of the excellences of the husband, or the husband of the amiable qualities of his wife. But the day before the wedding, such eulogiums go for nothing with me."

"I understand you, dear aunt. You mean to say the virtues only of each can give lasting pleasure to the other. Now for myself I say nothing—for I can boast only of my love; but you cannot deny that my betrothed is the best and most deserving of all the young men of this town? Are not all virtues that lead to happiness blooming in him?"

"Will you do you both justice," answered her relative, "and acknowledge that virtues bloom in both; I can say that to you without flattery. But, my love, they only bloom and need a life time of rain and sunshine to ripen them. No blossoms are more deceitful in the first opening. We cannot know in what soil they are rooted. Who knows the hidden heart?"

"Nay, my dear child, even could you always remain as you are, youth and beauty would lose the power to charm, with habit and their constant presence. Men grow soon weary of the loveliest face. Besides, your husband must grow old himself; and then youthful manners will cease to please him. Your habits, your tastes, will no longer be congenial."

Louisa sighed.

"I could store your memory," resumed her aunt, "with precepts to guard your happiness. I would tell you to beware of the first quarrel; never to contend, even in jest; to have no secrets from each other, lest the springs of confidence be insensibly snapped; to beware of the interference of relations. But these are maxims which your prudence will sufficiently impress upon you, and their observance at best will have but a negative effect."

"Would you have the secret of perpetual loyalties. It is treasure—not in feature or complexion, but in soul. Men worship beauty for the inward graces of which it is the pledge. Would you know how to keep the soul fair? Religion is the only secret for that."

"Thus you see, my love, how little we can depend upon personal perfections; how little on mental excellencies or amiable traits of character. But, the virtues born of, and nourished by religion, are immortal—seek them from Him who is the Author of religion; and seek them daily from Him. Be assured thus, that you will ever remain fair and amiable in the eyes of your husband, and be blessed in every relation of life."

Louisa flung her arms around her aunt's neck and thanked her, with tearful eyes, for her lesson.

The streets of Paris, during the recent insurrection, literally ran with blood. It is stated by the London correspondent of the New York Commercial that one corps of the National Guards from the country, marching suddenly into the city, withdrew, amidst the laughter and execrations of the Garde mobile, terrified at the blood pouring along the kennels!—Armand Marrast stated in the National Assembly, that the pavements of Paris had never before been reddened by so much blood.

The Liar.—As you would avoid the path of sorrow and misery—as you would turn from a crumbling precipice—run from the steps of a liar. His breath will pollute and destroy. No one can confide in him—he is hated by his companions and shunned by his friends. Should you get entangled in his net, use your utmost exertion and prudence to regain your former standing; for unless you do, farewell to all your hopes—to all your joys.

Railroads.—The Boston Journal notes in one paragraph the opening of seven new railroads in that section of country, within a few days past.

A letter from St. Petersburg, of the 29th ult., states the strength of the Russian army at 831,200 men, 103,730 horses, and 2152 guns.

From McAlpin's Courier. THE CAUCASIAN LOVERS.

TRANSLATED BY CASPAR BRUCHHAUSEN.

Among the inhabited districts of the Caucasus, towards the west of the Astrakhan, the Great and Lesser Cabardas are distinguished by fertility of soil, luxuriant growth of wood, and the beautiful forms of their inhabitants. The Great Cabarda is occupied by four tribes, which bear the family names of their princes—the Atajuks, Misosts, Beekmirzans, and Kantukins. Their dwellings extend down to the Caspian Sea. Nature has done much for these Circassians of the mountains, and not less than their valor and wonderful strength of body, defended them against hostile incursions; but also! the rage of internal feuds allows them but little to enjoy the advantages of their situation.

In the year 1804, the Atajuks united with their neighbors to carry on war with the Kisli, who live in an easterly direction, higher up in the mountains, along the banks of the Samdja.

Atajuk set out with three thousand horsemen of the clan, which was named after his ancestors. Only women, old men, and children, with a few warriors, remained in the habitations scattered thro' the valley, among which the residence of the chief was marked by a larger number of outbuildings, and a more numerous herd of young horses in the adjoining meadow.

The chief was a widower; his only offspring was a daughter, Eunitzah, of the age of seventeen, the most beautiful of all the fair Circassians. Her dazzling whiteness, her perfect form and gracefulness, relieved the radiant beauty and regularity of her features.

Four days passed before news arrived of the expedition against the Mountaineers. On the fifth day, when Eunitzah, with the first ray of the morning sun, full of anxiety had left the house, and in company of her maids, had gone into a piece of woods surrounding it, accidentally looking towards the river, which meandered through the pasture grounds, she espied a warrior carried upon a bier near the bank. Four horsemen accompanied him; silently they proceeded on their path which leads to the Prince's residence. Uttering a cry of terror, she rushed down the hill for the wounded man, she surely thought, was her father. She arrived at the very moment when the bier was set down near an out-building. Presently she recognized Almir, a young officer of the Prince's train.

"Rejoice, Eunitzah," said the wounded warrior, in a feeble voice, "the victory is ours. Atajuk will yet to-day press you to his heart."

"I shall rejoice," replied the Princess, "if Almir's wounds are not alarm. I will send aid."

Soon appeared an old woman experienced in the use of herbs, dressed his wounds and administered a decoction of simples, which procured him a deep sleep.

In the evening before sunset, the sound of arms announced the return of the Prince. Atajuk's first business was to visit the officer. His daughter followed him. The nurse declared the wound not fatal.

"Praised be the Prophet!" exclaimed the Prince. "My child, bless Almir. He received the stroke directed against me. Noble youth! I give to thee three horses and a complete armor, and my heart will be open to thee."

Almir had distinguished himself in several actions; perhaps, however, but for ardent love which he bore to this daughter of the Prince, he would not have shown daring, which thrust him on the enemies who had attacked his chief. This secret passion had never been revealed to the beloved object he scarcely confessed it to himself. Could the daughter of the Prince give her hand to the common warrior? Habit and custom of the country prohibited such a connection, and habits are more respected with those barbarous nations than laws are obeyed among the civilized. Thus no ray of hope lighted up the gloomy mind of Almir. Altho' he was one of the handsomest men of the tribe, Eunitzah had looked upon him with indifferent eye; but hence her pure filial love called incessantly before her mind the image of the pale warrior whose breast had served as a shield for her parent, and love stole into her unguarded heart by the way of gratitude. When she became conscious of the sentiment, she sighed, she wept, horror thrilled through her bosom; she could not refrain from saying to herself—"An insurmountable wall separates me from him whom I love; even the consolation of doubt, of uncertainty is not left to me. Ancient usage rules sovereign over princes and warriors, rich and poor, old and young. No, no, Eunitzah can die, but never be united to the warrior who saved her father." These and

similar thoughts filled her soul, and reason would not admit a single ray of hope.

Atajuk reviewed his warriors in an open plain. Eunitzah walked unperceived into a grove of rhododendron intersected by a brook. Also Almir had retreated to its shade, absorbed with thoughts of his love. Discovering Eunitzah, he endeavored to flee, and his strength fails him, he wavers and sinks at her feet.

"Why dost thou try to avoid me?" she commenced speaking. "I love thee!—Twice the leaves of the trees have dropped since I first saw thee; but I did not love thee. Thou hast saved the life of my father, and the waves of the great sea are not so movable as is my bosom when thinking of thee. Why wilt thou flee from me?"

"Dare I believe it?" exclaimed the young warrior; "my dream of last night, in which I saw thee addressing to me the same kind words which thou hast pronounced—my dream is not mere fancy; thou lovest me, thou lovest me?"

"I forgive thee, I love thee! But never will our hands be entwined in each other in the holy grove. Thou knowest not to whom I am affianced."

"Oh, do not call the hateful name! All my blood revolts against it."

"Yes, rather death than such a marriage. I will speak to my father; he shall know for whom my heart beats. Atajuk! I shall say to him, either my window must open for your deliverer, or the grave will receive your only daughter."

Her lips touched the breast of Almir, and she disappeared in the thicket faster than the gazelle, speedier than the hind before the arrow of the hunter.

Day passes after day, but Eunitzah ventures not to speak of her love. Atajuk observes his daughter withering away like the flowers of the field.

"My child," says he, "has Allah touched thee in his wrath? Why do thy tears flow? I will give up my flocks, my most splendid arms, to recall a smile to thy lips, color to thy cheeks, to hear again thy merry ditty ring in the mountains and valleys."

"O father," answered Eunitzah, "what is the use of riches? Poverty is what I covet; for poor is thy deliverer."

"How, Almir?"

"He is the beloved one of my soul; for him I will die."

Struck with this avowal, the Prince covered his face with his hands. His daughter thinks him angry; he is only affected. He loves Almir like a son since the day he saved his life; whence shall he take courage to reproach his daughter for her feelings? He becomes sad and pensive like her; like her he seeks solitude. When he meets Almir, he accosts him:

"Youth, why didst thou not let me be pierced by the iron of the enemy? Thou hast saved my life, and precipitated my daughter into the grave."

"My Prince," responded Almir, seized with alarm, "I will mount my charger and hurry into the large forest, and thou shalt never see me again."

"My daughter would follow thee."

"Command, and I will plunge into the torrent of the stream, even blessing the parent of Eunitzah."

"My daughter would rush after thee.—Eunitzah is gentle as a dove; but her heart is fiercer and prouder than the glance of the eagle. No more of despair! Never will the nuptial hymns be sung for my child."

"Command, Atajuk, and I will obey thee faster than the thunder does the lightning."

"What can I want thee to do? No human arm draws the arrow which penetrated Eunitzah's bosom, out of the wound. Her hand is promised to the son of our almighty chief, the Beekmirzans, who is more powerful than our clan, and boasts of a number of horsemen as superior to ours as the large river is to the little stream. Soon the day will come when I must fulfil my promise, or I will see a forest of lances raised on yonder hill. Almir, thy prince is very unhappy. Why didst thou save him from death?"

"O, that my death—"

"No, the life of my daughter art thou, whom I dare not call my son." No ray of hope appeared to cheer them. Atajuk, perhaps, by his influence, by the veneration paid to his authority, might have appeased the prejudice of his nation, and could have given his daughter to the warrior who saved his life—the old men recalled a precedent—but how escape the wrath of the allied prince, who was capable of the most terrible vengeance? how sacrifice the interest of the country to the interest of his family?

When the Circassians are not at war, either among themselves or with the Russians, they combat the animals of the forest—excitement seems a natural want to this people. Atajuk started on a hunt of the bear, accompanied by thirty men. Almir was of the party. Unfortunately, eagerness in chasing the game led them beyond the limits of their usual excursion.

sions. They met a corps of Cossacks, by far superior in number. The nature of the ground rendered flight difficult. An action commenced. Atajuk fell pierced by the first bullets of the enemy. A terrible conflict follows the first firing. Almir performs wonders of bravery to save the corpse of the prince; for, like the heroes of the Iliad, the Circassians never permit their dead companions in arms to become a prey to the foe. He succeeds, after having killed three Cossacks. Profiting by the disorder in which his courage has thrown the enemies, he charges his steed with a double burden, and leaves with his small retinue. The Cossacks soon gave up pursuing the warriors of Caucasus on their dangerous roads unknown to them; nor would the attempt have availed, on account of the swiftness of the Circassian horses.

Almir sends a messenger in advance, to announce the calamity to the princess. He stops at a spring to cleanse the dead body of the chief from blood and dust.—Ere long the cry of lament is heard. Every body hastens to the path which leads to the spring. Women, children, old men, warriors, break out in wailing. Amidst the disconsolate crowd stands Eunitzah in her grief, like a young oak struck by lightning. The women surrounding her can hardly restrain the outbursts of her grief. Sobbing, she throws herself on the corpse of her father, and in a tone of reproach she exclaims—

"Almir! Almir! why has thy courage not a second time the life of thy prince?"

"Eunitzah," replied the young hero, "the discharge of the gun is quicker than steel. Why did the bullet, which killed thy father, not hit me? But I have revenged my prince, and thou canst wet with tears his grave."

Slowly they proceeded to the house.—Every one contests the honor to carry the mortal remains of Atajuk.

The day after the funeral an assembly of the people is called to decide the fate of the lovers. The old men decree, that Eunitzah, agreeably to the former contract, be married to the son of Beekmirzan, and the young chief be declared prince and successor of Atajuk. In vain Eunitzah protests that it was impossible for her to have the nuptial song so soon succeeding to the dirge. In objection to her refusal, the Council represents to her the necessity of electing a new chief, and the fear of a war with the Russians or Mountaineers.

Eunitzah yields apparently, and the ferocious Ormiasin exults in joy; he believes already in the possession of the most beautiful maiden of the valley, the rich domain and power of Atajuk.

The day is appointed, to-morrow the ancient league of both tribes is to be confirmed by a new alliance satisfactory to all desires and interests. The young girls are busy to ornament the dwelling of Eunitzah with garlands of flowers. The young warriors run from place to place, mingling amorous ditties with the sounds of the musical band at their head. Almir is their leader, and his gaiety surpasses the joyousness of all.

The shadows of night interrupt the noisy preparations of a ceremony which is to commence with the first rays of a new sun that is to greet both tribes united in the youthful couple in the holy grove.

According to the ancient custom of this people, the night preceding marriage is to be spent in devotion and prayer; to indulge in sleep would be impious. Eunitzah dresses in the virginal robe, and winds the wreath of innocence in her hair.—Next to the apartment in which she keeps lonely vigils, are her playmates in the finest attire. Every hour Eunitzah makes her voice heard, and recites some verses of the hymenal song, which are responded to by her companions. Then all becomes silent again until the next hour.—While the choir answers the second time, Eunitzah opens the door and calls in a child that is affectionately attached to her. She says:

"My head burns, I must take the air. Remain here. I cannot go so to the holy grove to-morrow. Come, my darling, take my place, and when my playmates sing the third verse, answer, imitating my voice.—Pay attention to the hour glass.—Before the first dawn of morn I shall be back again."

The child, proud of the confidence of her mistress, takes her place. Eunitzah wraps herself up in her veil, conceals a dagger in the folds of her garment, escapes through the window, and proceeds towards the holy grove.

Dark is the night—its silence is interrupted by the nuptial song dying away in the distance. She has passed most of the woods—the dwellings are out of sight—the forest recovers her. A wide path brings her to the hush dedicated to the sacred celebration. Nobody is allowed, under the penalty of death, to enter it except on festival days.

It is there that she is to be united to the detested Prince. She enters the sublime